

TO MY WIFE

(In memory of Christmas, 1909)

PREFACE

WITH the exception of Miss Guiney's charming verses ("Tryste Noel") the words of these carols are from old sources, chiefly the Sloane MS., A.D. 1396. The spelling has been modernised here and there.

Without discussing Carol "form", it will suffice to say that Christmas words do not make a carol out of what would otherwise be a hymn tune or part-song. In other words, a tune can only be termed a carol the nearer it approximates to the folk-song type and the further it departs from the hymn tune. It ought, moreover, to stand on its own melodic basis independent of harmony.

This collection is a humble attempt to suggest rather than reproduce the characteristics of the old traditional carols. One of the tunes opens with an actual fragment (all I can remember) of a folk-tune which in boyhood I heard a farm hand sing. I fear the tune itself is lost, as I have revisited the district to find that the singer is dead and that no one else in the "country-side" knows the song. I forbear for the present to say which Carol this is, as I shall be interested to know whether it will be readily identified by any folk-song expert, and whether—in that event—it will be too apparent where the folk-tune leaves off and my own begins. All the tunes can be sung, if required, in unison except "Tryste Noel", which, although included in the collection, is better described as a Christmas song than as a carol. I have the approval of the authoress for the sudden change from modal to modern idiom, to express the half passionate, half wistful appeal of the last two lines in each verse.

R. R. T.

November, 1912.

TRYSTE NOEL.

A Song for Christmastide.

Words by
L. N. GUINEY.

R. R. TERRY.

VOICES.

S. C.

T. B.

ACCOMPT. (ad lib.)

Moderato $\text{♩} = 72$. *poco cresc.*

1. The Ox he op'-neth wide the Doore, And from the Snowe he
2. The Ox hath hush'd his voice, and bent Trewe eye of pi - ty

1. The Ox he op'-neth wide the Doore, And
2. The Ox hath hush'd his voice, The ox hath

cresc. *dim.* *p*

calls her inne;
o'er the Mow, And he hath seen her smile there-for, Our La - dye with - out
calls her inne; And on his love - lier neck fore-spent, The Bles - sed lays her
hush'd his voice,

cresc. *f* **B \flat**

sinne. Now soone from sleepe A starre shall lepe, And soone ar - rive both
Browe. A - round her feet Full warm and sweete, His bower - ie breathdoth

dim. e rall. *p* **A - men.** But **O** the place could
A - men. But sore am I with

King and Hind. A - men, A - men. But O the place could
meek - ly dwell. A - men, A - men. But sore am I with

F *calando.* *pp*

I but finde, O the place could
vain tra - vél, sore am I with

I but finde, The place could I but tra - finde.
vain tra - vél, sore with vain tra - vél.

I but finde, could I with vain but tra - finde.
vain tra - vél, sore with vain tra - vél.

mf *cresc.* *f*

The Ox is host in Ju - da's stall, And host of more than on - ly one, For
3. The Ox is host in Ju - da's stall, in Ju - da's stall, For

close she gath - er - eth with - al, Our Lord, her lyt - tel Sonne. Glad

Hind and King Their gifts may bring, Glad Hind and King Their

gifts may bring. But would to - night my teares were there: A -

gifts may bring. But would to night my teares were

men, *dim. e rall.* A - men! *D minor. calando* Be - tween her bo - som and His Hayre.

teares were there, A - men Be - tween her bo - som and His Hayre.

teares were there, my teares were there.

dim. e rall. *calando* *pp*

JOSEPH AND THE ANGEL.

R. R. TERRY.

Allegretto. $\text{♩} = 98$.

1. As Jo-seph was a - walk - ing He heard an an - gel sing, This
2. As Jo-seph was a - walk - ing He heard an an - gel sing, This
3. As Jo-seph was a - walk - ing He heard an an - gel sing, This
4. As Jo-seph was a - walk - ing He heard an an - gel sing, This

night shall be born Our hea - venly King. He nei - ther shall be
 night shall be born Our hea - venly King. He nei - ther shall be
 night shall be born Our hea - venly King. He nei - ther shall be
 night shall be born Our hea - venly King. He nei - ther shall be

born In hou - sen nor in hall, Nor in the place of
 cloth - ed In pur - ple nor in pall, But all in fair
 rock - ed In sil - ver nor in gold, But in a wood - en
 chris - ten - ed In white wine nor in red, But in the fair spring

dim e rall.
 Pa - ra - dise, But in an ox - 's stall. No - el No - el.
 lin - en As wear ba - bies all. No - el No - el.
 cra - dle That rocks on the mould. No - el No - el.
 wa - ter As we were chris - ten - ed. No - el No - el.

SO BLYSSID BE THE TYME.

R. R. TERRY.

Quartet or Semichorus
Moderato ♩=100.

1. A new - è year, a new - è year, a chyld was y -
A new - è year, a new - è year, a chyld was y -

Organ Ped.

- born, Us
- born, Us
- born, Us

C minor.

for to sa - vyn that all was for - lorn.

Ab major.
Chorus.
mf

blys - sid be the tyme *cresc.*

So blys - sid, so blys - sid, so blys - sid be the tyme, So
be the tyme, So

blys - sid be the tyme, So

f poco rall.

blys - sid, so blys - sid, So blys - sid be the tyme!

Quartet or Semichorus

For verses

2-7 Lul - lay, lul - lay lyt - el child myn own dere food, How
Lul - lay lul - lay myn own dere food, How
Lul - lay, lul - lay lyt - el child myn own dere food, How

shalt thou suf - fer - in be nay - lid to the rood?

Repeat Chorus.

3.
Lullay, lullay, lytel child, myn own dere smerte,
How shalt thou sufferin the scharpe spear to thi herte?
So blyssid be the tyme!

4.
Lullay, lullay, lytel child, I singe al for thi sake,
Many a one the scharpe scar to thi body is shape
So blyssid be the tyme!

5.
Lullay, lullay, lytel child, fayre happis thee befalle,
How shalt thou sufferin to drink ezel and galle?
So blyssid be the tyme!

6.
Lullay, lullay, lytel child, I sing all befor,
How shalt thou sufferin the scharpe garlong of thorn?
So blyssid be the tyme!

7.
Lullay, lullay, lytel child, why weepy thou so sore?
Thou art bothin God and man, what woldest thou be more?
So blyssid be the tyme!

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

R. R. TERRY.

Allegro vivace. ♩ = 88.

1. A-wake, glad heart! get up and sing! It is the birth-day of thy King. A-

E minor

- wake! A-wake! The sun doth shake light from his locks, and all the way Breathing per-fumes, doth

C major.

A - wake! A - wake! A - wake! Glad heart, get up and sing!

2.
Awake! awake! hark how th'wood rings,
Winds whisper, and the busy springs
A concert make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high priest, and should rise
To offer up the sacrifice.
Awake! awake!
Glad heart, get up and sing!

3.
I would I were some bird or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to thee.
Awake! awake!
Glad heart, get up and sing!

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

R. R. TERRY.

Allegro moderato ♩ = 160.

mf Trebles alone

1. Christ was born on Christ-mas Day; Wreathe the hol-ly,
2. He is born to set us free, He is born our

B minor.
Trebles and Altos

twine the bay. *Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e:*
Lord to be *Ex Ma-ri-a vir-gin-e:*

E minor.

S. C. The Babe, The Son, The Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.
The God, The Lord, by all a-dored for ev-er.
T. B. The Babe, The Son, The Ho-ly One of Ma-ry.
The God, The Lord, by all a-dored for ev-er.

3.
Let the bright red berries glow
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie:
The babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4.
Christian men, rejoice and sing
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria virgine:
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

LULLAY, LULLAY.

R.R.TERRY.

Moderato ♩ = 120. *cresc.*

mf 1. On yes - ter - night I saw a sight, A star as bright as

mf *cresc.* *dim.* *rall.*

day, And all a - long I heard a song, Lul - lay, Lul - lay, Lul - lay.

Verses 2-7 *mf* *cresc.* *mf*

2. A lone - ly May - den sat and sang, And to her Child she spake, "Lul -
3. Now sweetest Lord, since thou art king Why liest thou in a stall, Why

cresc. *dim.*

lay lul - lay, thou lyt - el child, It makes my heart to ache To
didst thou not thy cra - dle bring To some great roy - al hall? Me -

cresc. A king up - on this hay, So
Should lie in grand ar - ray, And

see thee there, So cold and bare, A king up - on this hay, So hush
thinks 'tis right That king or knight Should lie in good ar - ray, And them

So
And

poco rall.

hush thy wail, them a - mong, thy wail, I will not fail To sing lul - lay, lul - lay.
a - mong, It were no wrong To sing lul - lay, lul - lay.

hush thy wail, them a - mong,

4.
"My mother Mary thine I be,
Though I be laid in stall,
Both lords and dukes shall worship me,
And so shall monarchs all.
Thou shalt well see
That princes three
Shall come on the twelfth day,
Then let me rest
Upon thy breast
And sing lullay, lullay."

5.
"Now tell me sweetest Lord I pray,
Thou art my love and dear,
How shall I nurse thee to thy mind,
And make thee glad of cheer.
For all thy will
I will fulfil,
I need no more to say,
And for all this,
I will thee kiss
And sing lullay, lullay."

6.
"My mother dear, when time it be,
Then take me up aloft
And set me up upon thy knee,
And handle me full soft,
And in thy arm
Thou wilt me warm
And keep me night and day,
And if I weep
And may not sleep,
Thou'lt sing lullay, lullay."

7.
"Now sweetest Lord, since it is so
That thou art most of might,
I pray thee grant a boon to me
If it be meet and right,
That child or man
That will or can
Be merry on this day
To bliss them bring
And I shall sing
Lullay, lullay, lullay."

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

R. R. TERRY.

Allegro moderato ♩ = 150.

mf Quartet or Semichorus.

dim. e rall. *mf a tempo*

1. The an - gel Ga - bri - el from God Was sent to Ga - li - lee, Un -
 2. Ma - ry an - on looked him up - on And said, "Sir, what are ye? I

dim e rall. *cresc. a tempo*

- to a vir - gin, fair and free, Whose name was called Ma - ry. And
 mar - vel much at ti - dings such As thou hast brought to me. Prom -

dim.

when the an - gel thi - ther came He fell down on his knee, And
 - ised I am to Jo - seph So fell the lot to me: There -

dim. e rall. molto. *p*

look - ing on the vir - gin's face Said, "Hail, all hail, Ma - ry!"
 - fore I pray de - part a - way, I stand in doubt of thee!"

N. B. A very pronounced *dim. e rall.* to be made on the chords marked — .

Chorus
f a tempo

Then sing we all, both great and small, No - el, No - el, No - el. We

molto rall.

may re - joice to hear the voice Of an - gel Ga - bri - el.

3.
 "Mary," he said, "be not afraid
 And now believe in me,
 The power of God, the Holy Ghost,
 Shall overshadow thee.
 Thou shalt conceive, but not to grieve
 As the Lord told to me;
 God's own dear Son from heaven shall come
 And shalt be born of thee."
 Then sing we all, etc.

4.
 This came to pass as God's will was
 E'en as the angel told.
 About midnight an angel bright
 Came to the shepherd's fold,
 And told them then both where and when
 Born was the child our Lord,
 And all along this was their song
 "All glory be to God."
 Then sing we all, etc.

5.
 Good people all, both great and small
 The which do hear my voice,
 With one accord let's praise the Lord
 And in our hearts rejoice;
 In love abound to all around
 While we our lifetime spend,
 While we have space let's pray for grace
 So let my carol end.
 Then sing we all, etc.

MYN LYKING.

R.R.TERRY.

Allegro moderato ♩=112.

Trebles

1. I

cresc. e rit.
saw a fair may-den syt-tin and sing. She lul - led a lyt-tel childe, a sweete lord-ing.

mf *cresc. e rit.*

CHORUS.

*a tempo**cresc. e rall.**dim. rall.*

Lul-lay myn lyking, my dere sonne, my sweeting. Lul-lay my dere herte, myn owndere der-ling.

pp Lul-la - lay. Lul - - la-lay. Lul-lay my dere herte, myn owndere der-ling.
Lul-la - lay. Lul - - la-lay. Lul-lay my dere herte, myn owndere der-ling.

Lul-la - lay. Lul-la - lay. Lul - lay, myn owndere der-ling.

*pp**rall.**p**Fine. mf*

2. That

mf a tempo *Fine.*

cresc. *rall.* *D.C. al Fine.*
2. same Lordis he that made al-léthing Of al-lé lordis He is Lord of al-lé kynges Kyng.

mf *cresc.* *rall.*

mf *cresc. molto rall.* *D.C. al Fine.*
3. There was mickle melody at that chyl-dés birth. All that were in heavnly bliss, they made mickle mirth.

mf *cresc. molto rall.*

mf *cresc. molto rit.* *D.C. al Fine.*
4. Angels bright sang their song to that chyl-d; Blyssid bethou, and so be she, so meek and so mild.

mf *cresc.* *molto rit.*

I SING OF A MAYDEN.

R.R.TERRY.

Moderato ♩ = 144.

cresc.

p 1. I sing of a may - den That is make - les, The

King of all king - es, To her sone she ches. He

came all so still - é There his mo - ther was, As

dew in Ap - ril - lē That fall'th on the grass.

2.

He came all so stillé
To his mother's bower,
As dew in Aprillé
That fall'th on the flower.
He came all so stillé
There his mother lay,
As dew in Aprillé
That fall'th on the spray.

REGINA CÆLI LETARE.

R.R.TERRY.

Moderato ♩ = 84.

cresc.

mf 1. Ho - ly may - den blys - sid thou be, God - es sonne is
2. Hail wyfe, hail may - den, hail bride of bliss, Hail daughter hail sister hail
3. Thou art empress of hea - ven so free, Wor - thy mayden in

born of thee, The fa - ther of hea - ven wor - ship we,
full of pi - tē, Hail cho - sen to the per - son - ys three } *Re -*
ma - jes - tē, Now wor - ship we the tren - y - tē,

ff gi - na cæ - li, le - ta - re, Re - gi - na cæ - li le - ta - re.

4.

So gracious, so precious in ryalté,
Thus gentyl, thus good, thus finde we,
There is non such in non countré,
Regina cæli, letare.

5.

And therefore kneel we down on our knee,
This blyssid birth worshiwe we,
This is a song of humyleté,
Regina cæli, letare.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

Moderato J. = 64

R.R. TERRY.

1. When Christ was born of Ma-ry free, In Beth-le-hem that fair ci-tie.
 2. Herds men beheld the an-gels bright, To them appear-ing in great light, Who

1. When Christ was born of Ma-ry free
 2. Herds men be-held the an-gels bright Who

1. When Christ was born of Ma-ry free
 2. Herds men be-held the an-gels bright Who

An-gels sang with mirth and glee. *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 said "God's son is born to-night!"

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An-gels sang with mirth and glee. *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 said "God's son is born to-night!"

and glee *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 to-night.

3. The King is come to save man-kind, As in the scriptures we do find
 4. Then Lord most high for Thy great grace, Grant us the bliss to see Thy face

3. The King is come to save man-kind,
 4. Then Lord grant us to see Thy face

3. The King is come to save man-kind,
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3. The King is come to save man-kind,
 4. Then Lord grant us to see Thy face

There-fore this song we have in mind. *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 Where we may sin to Thy so-lace.

There-fore this song we have in mind. *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 Where we may sing to Thy so-lace.

There-fore this song we have in mind. *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 Where we may sing to Thy so-lace.

in mind. *In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a.*
 so-lace.

THE NEW YEAR.

R.R. TERRY.

Allegro moderato J. = 84

1. The old year now a-way is fled, The new year it is
 2. Let's mer-ry be this ho-ly-day, And let us run with

en-ter-ed, Then let us now our sin down-tread And
 sport and play, Leave sor-row, let's cast care a-way. God

joy-ful-ly all ap-pear, And joy-ful-ly all ap-pear.
 send you a hap-py new year, God send you a hap-py new year.

3.
 And now with new year's gifts each friend
 Unto each other they do send;
 God grant we may our lives amend
 And that the truth may appear.

4.
 Now like the snake cast off your skin
 Of evil thoughts and wicked sin,
 And to amend this year begin.
 God send you a merry new year.